

Keeping Warm at Night by Luddleston

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Summary:

Most everything is new for them: the experience, the feeling, the physicality of it all.

It's *especially* new for Alistair.

Keeping Warm at Night

Author's Note:

This is a missing scene from [Crash Landing](#) but doesn't require reading it, and I actually wrote this one first and then just had Alistair refer back to it.

Anyway, I know the canon cutscene implies that they actually get it in the first time but consider:

1. it's more fun if Alistair can't last that long
2. the canon cutscene also implies they fuck outside under Morrigan's lean-to thing, so it's not to be trusted.

Finally: I think that Warden Stamina is a lie Anders made up to get laid.

Enjoy!

In the Circle, men and women were largely separated, so while Georgie was familiar with the atmosphere of a tryst in a dark room, the quiet breath and still-clothed franticness of it, she was *not* accustomed to the bulge of a hard cock pressed up against the seam of her smallclothes.

The women she'd been with had all been smaller than her, because George was six feet tall and broad as one of the templars, the hems of her robes always just a bit too short and her head sticking out among the crowd in the women's dorm. *Alistair* was not smaller than her. She had to look up to kiss him instead of down. He could have outmatched her in strength, easily, she'd seen him tackle an *ogre*. And yet, he held her gently enough that *she* had to be the one to grab him by his hips and pull 'til they were flush, riding the swelling passion between them until he had to pull away from her mouth to cry, "*mercy, love.*"

"Not familiar with the concept," she said, rocking against him once more. "Though—Alistair, if you really want me to stop—"

In the briefest moment she was not moving against him, he groaned like he was admitting defeat and drove his hips forward again. “Noooo, I don’t want you to stop,” he sighed. “Are you sure this is—this is good for you, too?”

She cupped the back of his head, rubbing wrong-ways through his hair. She wanted to tease, say, ‘*what do you think?*’ but he really was too sweet to be toyed with. “Of course it is, keep going.”

“Can’t—for long—oh, *Maker*, I’m—“

“Close?”

“Yeah. Sorry, it’s. Really fast. I’d try to think of something to keep myself from—but you—I mean, *look* at you, I can’t think of anything but you.”

When he talked like that—earnest, guileless, pure adoration—she couldn’t help but want to mess him up a little bit. She dragged him forward by his shirt-front, kissing him again, just briefly, even though he tried to follow for another.

“Go on, then,” she said. “Show me how good this makes you feel. Don’t stop until you come, will you do that for me?”

She felt his breath push out of him on a groan, his mouth brushing her skin just below her jaw. His short beard prickled, another thing she was unaccustomed to. “Yes, I— *oh, fuck—“*

His movements against her sped up, not quite enough direct pressure to get her off, but the friction against her clit had her pushing back against him, wondering what it was going to take to get *him* to come.

Nothing at all, really, it seemed.

One moment he was moving against her in sharp, fretful bursts, and the next he was gasping like he’d been punched into the solar plexus, and the next he was pitching forward, resting his weight heavier on her, his nose at the collar of her shirt. He grasped her thigh, the first touch of bare skin on

bare skin that didn't feel either incidental or anxiously calculated, like he'd not had to think before touching her, he just *did* it because he wanted to.

He pulled her closer, panting against her neck like a creature wounded, and then lifted his head, putting his nose against her cheek.

"You know," he breathed, "I think several chantry mothers have tried to impress upon me how dangerous lust is, but nothing's exactly gotten it across as well as how much I *want* you."

She'd received several similar lectures, but given her comparative level of sexual experience, she had clearly not taken them to heart the way he did. "Good thing you're not a Templar anymore, then." Among other reasons. She'd never fuck a Templar, even if he did have the sweetest puppy eyes. She had *standards* .

"Good thing," he echoed her, sounding dizzy.

She put her hands under his shirt, feeling the curve and sweep of well-worked muscle pulling and stretching as he shifted so he wasn't laying on her so much as beside her. She was still warm down to her core, and she pressed her thighs tighter together for a second as if that'd give her any sort of relief. Naturally it did not.

"Tell me," he said, staring at her with those glazed eyes in that flushed face, his tongue pushing against his lower lip, which was already red from the pressure of her mouth against his, "tell me how to make you feel as good as I just felt."

She put her hands between her legs, squeezing and bucking into her own touch. She'd gotten out of her trousers, at least, and she could feel heat and dampness through her underclothes. "It's harder to do like that—just rubbing off through my clothes."

Harder, but probably not impossible, given his...everything. They had a lantern in the tent, too, with her pale orange mage-light floating around in it so they didn't catch the canvas aflame. It was more visibility than she was used to. How novel, actually being able to *see* her lover, because nobody

else in the traveling party gave a shit if they saw a silhouette through the tent fabric that looked suspiciously like you'd gone from cuddling through your nightmares to something *else*.

She still put a silencing spell around the tent, to be polite. It was the done thing in the Circle and she'd kept at it. But light... light had been hard to come by in her past romances.

Alistair's hand trailed down her stomach, fingertips just barely brushing her wrist. She didn't think he'd take over touching her, especially not without asking. "Do you need to... take your clothes off? Do you *want* to? Should I not look? I'm quite good at 'my eyes are up here', you know."

"My bits are down here', rather," she joked, before shoving her hand down her shorts. Taking them all the way off would take too long.

Her shirt was long enough that it would have fallen to her thighs if she stood, but the tail end of it pooled around her belly and hips when she lay back like this. She could feel Alistair's fingers tightening in the linen, making a fist, until it was snug around her back, like he was trying to pull her toward him without even realizing it.

He could pull her wherever he wanted, she was busy stroking herself. Wet, even more so than she had thought, enough that she probably could have slid two fingers—or *him*, if he'd not just finished—in herself, no problem.

Probably. She didn't think a cock could be that different from fingers.

She wanted to *come* though, because Alistair was right there and he was beautiful, because she'd wanted to get her hands on him since they started this blasted quest, and because his hand, unsure but steady despite it, was holding onto whatever piece of her he could reach with such a desperate grip.

"Georgie," he said. She didn't think her name was seductive in the slightest (not like *his*, which sounded lovely on the tongue) but when breathlessness made the consonants soft, it got closer. She leaned into him, mouthing at his

neck, where his amulet chain rolled against his skin. “George,” he said. “*Georgiana?*”

“I thought I said I’d set your arse on fire if you called me that.”

“Thought it worth the risk, considering you like my arse enough not to do that. I wanted to... is it really okay if I watch you? If I look at you... you didn’t see mine, is all.”

She couldn’t keep the grin off her face and hoped he wouldn’t think she was teasing. Just pleased. “You can look. And you can show me in return if you like—you’ll have to eventually, to clean up.”

“I was planning on a walk of shame to the river, actually.”

“If you like, you can do that instead. *After* I come,” she specified.

He made a little gasp as if he’d forgotten what her lower half was up to or where her hand was currently. “Yeah. After. *Fuck*, am I gonna get to see you *come*?” The last bit was muttered to himself more than directed at her.

She supposed a soft cry of, “yes,” was as good a response as any, because the idea of him watching had her hot enough to pick up the pace again.

When he snatched his hand away from her shirt she thought she’d bothered him somehow, but she realized he couldn’t see past his own forearm and he really *did* want to look at her.

She wasn’t sure what she expected. Confusion, maybe? Whatever it was, she certainly didn’t expect Alistair to look bloody *enraptured* watching her touch herself under her clothes.

It was better than she’d expected.

“Take them off,” she said.

He made a sound like, “mngh?”

“My smalls,” she said, “take them off for me. I don’t want to take my hand off myself at present.”

“Oh! Yes, love,” Alistair said, curling his fingers in her waistband. She planted her feet and lifted her hips so he could help her out of them, and after she kicked them off her ankle, she rested one leg flat, widening her stance a little.

Alistair was still looking, and was blushing so hard the tips of his ears had gone red. “*Maker*,” he sighed. “I want to learn how to make you feel this good. I mean. I assume this feels—you *look* like you feel good.”

“You’re cute when you do that.”

“So I hear,” he laughed.

She knew he’d probably be clumsy at it the first time, and that would waylay her plan to get off as immediately as possible, but his earnest desire was too sweet. “Put your hand over mine, then. So you can feel what I’m doing.”

“*Fuck!* Okay, yes. Yes, love.”

His hands were warm and strong and ridged with calluses from years of sword work, in different places than her staff callused hers. His thumb stroked the side of her hand as his fingers covered hers, gentle enough not to slow her down as she stroked herself at an almost *frantic* pace.

And Alistair was watching her face.

He was looking at her like she was everything, like he had never wanted more, and she was damn certain she was reflecting the same back at him.

“You’re so lovely like this,” he said, his voice in that soft rasp, his words starting to blend together. “I can’t believe you’re mine.”

She cried his name when she came, and *he* shuddered, his hand slipping off hers and down a bit lower as her fingers pulled away. From here, if she was interested and he was inclined, he could have slipped his fingers inside her.

Might've been a bit much, at the moment.

She could barely hear him but she could see his lips moving, could feel the soft exhale of his breath as he told her quiet nothings. She rested her hand on her stomach and slowly, as if experimentally, he settled his full hand over her sex.

"Is this too much?" As if he wasn't being as gentle as could be.

"No, it's sort of... nice." She'd never had anybody feel her up like they were trying to learn something. The girls she'd been with had their own bodies to teach them what Alistair was trying to glean from her.

"You're... you're really wet."

"I just came," she said. "I imagine the inside of your trousers is pretty wet, too."

"Right, I mean, yes. But you're... I guess I didn't realize the way that might be the same for you. I'm telling you, love, I really *don't* know how women... work." He said it with a smile, his usual brand of self deprecation.

"You're making quite the effort at self-education."

"Indeed, I am. I never was a very good student, but I think I've found a new favorite subject of study." He paused, frowned a little. "Ah, that doesn't work. That makes it sound like you're a geography textbook."

She laughed, reaching up so she could pull the tie out of her hair so she wasn't laying with the knot of it pressing into her scalp. "I dunno, Alistair, you seem pretty determined to scout every peak and valley of me." She pulled the hem of her shirt up to wipe the sweat off her forehead, pausing when she noticed his eyes following.

"Definitely," he said, making no attempt to look anywhere other than directly at her chest. His voice sounded far away.

She left her shirt where it was at, figuring she could let him look.

When he came to, he sort of shook himself, and then he cleared his throat. “Actually, um. What would you say to trying this again, with my trousers off this time?”

She couldn’t help her brows rising. “Already?”

He laughed, not quite meeting her eyes. “Yes?” His tone was a little anxious, as if unsure whether that was something to be embarrassed by.

“I didn’t think men could go twice in one night, that’s all,” she said, running her nails through the hair at the back of his neck. “I’d be happy to.”

“Oh, thank the Maker, because these are getting really uncomfortable, but I didn’t want to take them off and say, *hi, hello, I’m hard again* if we weren’t doing that.”

“We can do it as many times as you want, Alistair. ‘Til morning, if you like.”

“Don’t tempt me with that.” He kissed her briefly and then again at the corner of her mouth. “I’ll take you up on it, and then tomorrow we’ll be chasing down Darkspawn and I’ll fall asleep on my feet.”

Author’s Note:

If you want to see pictures of George, visit my tumblr [@luddlestons](#) and if you want to experience me being a nerd about classics, visit me on Twitter [@luddlestons](#) and if you want to see all that but horny, I invite you to my NSFW twitter [@luddlessmut](#)